

COLONEL ORMSBY;

OR, THE

GENUINE HISTORY

OF AN

IRISH NOBLEMAN.

COLONEL ORMSBY

OF THE



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OF THE

IRISH NOBILITY

COLONEL ORMSBY;

OR, THE ^K

GENUINE HISTORY

OF AN

IRISH NOBLEMAN,

IN THE FRENCH SERVICE.

—Souls are for social blifs design'd :
Give me a blessing fit to match my mind,
A kindred soul, to double, and to share my joys.
DR. WATTS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

D U B L I N :

Printed for Messrs. PRICE, WHITESTONE, SLEATER,
W. WATSON, SHEPPARD, BURNET, MONCRIEFFE,
WALKER, E. CROSS, JENKIN, BEATTY,
BURTON, and BYRNE.

M,DCC,LXXXI.

COLONEL ORMSBY

GENUINE HISTORY



IRISH

IN THE

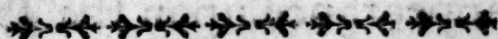
— the first and best of the kind
— and a volume of the same
— a full and complete history of the
— the whole of the country

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COLONEL ORMSBY.



LETTER I.

Colonel Ormsby to Mr. Neville.

AH, my dear Neville! how I envy your retreat and tranquillity! Although you have scarce entered the summer of your age, you have wisely renounced the visionary pleasures of the Capital, to pass the remainder of your days in real and solid delights resulting from rural amusements, independence, and philosophy. Your friend, on the contrary, is fated to court the smiles of a Drawing-Room, or cooped up in a garrison, with a heart too susceptible not to feel an impression that makes him tremble for his future happiness. You may see already that my style betrays

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the situation of my heart, which is agitated with a thousand contending passions, as well as a prey to the blackest melancholy.

Six years have already elapsed since my first appearance upon the Theatre of the *Grand Monde*; you are no stranger to the figure a young fellow generally makes in the *Ton*, when he enters the lists with a tolerable person, a desire of pleasing, a romantic imagination, a large portion of vanity, with an irresistible propensity for the pleasures which abound in this gay and enchanted metropolis. You know very well that my family embarked their lives and their fortunes in the cause of their unfortunate Sovereign, yet I have no great reason to murmur at the dispensation of the Blind-Goddes, as I have a regiment, and the interest of a Lady whose influence at Court is gaining ground with our new administration. Her avowed protection has created me many enemies, and in many respects it gives me the most lively disquietude: yes, Neville, I dare confess to you, that this Lady, whose zeal and friendship have

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been employed so successfully in my favour, and who unites in her person every adventitious charm of person and address, has been the principal cause of all my present misery. You have frequently seen her at the Marquis de Saint-Foix's; and you cannot fail to recollect a Lady who is celebrated for her wit, talents, grace, and beauty: but all those great and envied accomplishments, are but the magic of a moment; for the Countess Dubois is proud, prejudiced, jealous, and revengeful: she is an utter stranger to sentiment and sensibility: and her desire to shine unrivalled, has given her such a spirit of intrigue, as to poison not only every genuine pleasure, but also every real felicity. This short sketch of her character will undoubtedly convince you, that I am no longer among the number of her slaves; yet, my friend, I owe her many obligations, and dare not express my gratitude but by sacrificing to the shrine of this imperious beauty. I am by no means ignorant, that the moment she finds me insensible to her charms, I shall expose myself to her

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transports of rage and unmerited vengeance: O, would to heavens I could transform into virtues, all the faults of my once charming and seductive patroness!

I scarce dare to write a syllable more, fearing you may accuse me of ingratitude—but, my dear friend, I must—I must repose in your bosom one secret, fatal I fear to my repose—which is, that my love has changed its object. The difficulty of retreating honourably from the one, the mortal fear of not pleasing the other, the struggle of my principles against feeling, serve but to plunge me into a world of incertitude and irresolution. This new *penchant*, perhaps, may make the present juncture the most interesting period of my life. You know, my friend, my dear *Inamorata*: she is even among the number of your most intimate acquaintances; and I recollect with delight your eulogiums of her, at a time when I thought you must have exaggerated, but what a change in my sentiments! she is an angel, my Neville, in the form of a woman.

woman—need I then name you Lady Eloisa Beaumont?

The first time I was presented to the Duke de Richlieu, I heard announced Lady Beaumont; I felicitated myself in secret at the lucky occasion of paying her my wish'd-for homage. She no sooner appeared, than I saw every eye upon her; the men to admire, the women to envy the *eclat* which her presence had occasioned. As soon as I perceived that the conversation began to languish, and we had scarce any thing more than the enunciation of a few unmeaning monosyllables, I seized the favourable moment to make a few remarks upon the listlessness which then prevailed, and I shall never forget a look she gave, that seemed to thank me for this instance of my attention. This look penetrated the inmost recesses of my soul; we chatted away the rest of the evening; and I had the good fortune of conducting this lovely creature to her carriage.

From that moment the image of Lady Beaumont was ever in my intoxicated imagination. Ah, Neville!
how

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how every thing changes when view'd with the eye of a fond Lover! for, feeling souls, Love is the whole universe to them, and it is this universe I inhabit. In the most brilliant circles I appear disconsolate and alone, if Lady Beaumont be not there. I am, however, frequently admitted to her select parties, *petits soupers*, and sometimes I am even blessed with a tête-à-tête, though I dare not speak a syllable of the passion which destroys me. To you, therefore, my dear friend, I open my enamoured bosom, and seek alleviation by throwing myself into the arms of friendship: in compassion then to my sufferings, permit me to speak to you of this adorable creature; and above all, I conjure you, yes I conjure you will not endeavour to remove the fascination Lady Beaumont has inspired. Another favour, and then farewell; and that favour is to write to her in my——Heavens! what would I say?—But I know your liberal sentiments and susceptible heart, not to pardon, nay pity the friend, who is irrevocably

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vocably attached to the most valuable
and most amiable of women !

L E T T E R II.

Colonel Ormsby to Lady Beaumont.

MY LADY,

I Here send you the anecdotes of a
certain court ; the pen of a master
is seen in all the portraits, and as they
are drawn from nature, they cannot
fail to merit your attention. You will
find that there are some *faithful Lovers*
in the world, and some women who
have the most refined sensibility. I
know you are a professed infidel with
respect to the former, and that you fear
to resemble the latter. I hope the day
will soon arrive, when you will have
reason to change your present senti-
ments.

I am,

My Lady, &c.

ORMSBY.

L E T-

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LETTER III.

To Lady Beaumont.

AH, my dear Lady! although you will not listen to any other language than that of friendship, we cannot, must not all obey you. When one unites to the charms which captivate and enslave the heart, the other qualities which command our esteem and respect, we can no longer remain insensible; a more lively and a more passionate sentiment than that of Friendship will take possession of our souls, and that sentiment, Lady Beaumont, is *Almighty Love*. And surely I need not tell you, that when this passion has merit for its object, it becomes the noblest incentive to virtue, the surest guard against illiberal pleasures, and the most successful enemy to every species of vice.

The first moment I saw you, I felt an eager desire of being acquainted with
you;

you ; and from the moment I knew you, I forgot there was another woman in the world. If you condemn this involuntary impulse, at least you cannot reprehend the motives which called it into existence. I will not speak of your personal accomplishments—no, Madam, I will pass over your seducing graceful form, that undefinable sweetness of countenance and manner so perfectly enchanting, that lovely mouth from which sentiment flows so unaffectedly, and yet can wear at the same time the captivating smile of the Graces ; but I will honestly own, that I yielded up my heart to the magic of your improving conversation—to your great and envied talents, your elevated and liberal sentiments, your sensibility, and your truly amiable disposition.

Most men, perhaps, circumstanced as I am, would implore your pardon for the temerity of such a declaration ; I on the contrary, am extremely sorry I have so long deferred it : for an attachment, founded upon the rectitude of the noblest principles, is intitled to

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some indulgence; and it is for *little souls* alone to blush in avowing that they have been made to feel. Ah, madam! with a mortal anxiety I wait my doom. I have not courage to write a syllable more. Be you cruel or kind, my affection for you will be incapable of diminution.

L E T T E R IV.

From Lady Beaumont.

S I R,

ALTHO' your letter has given me no little uneasiness, yet I respect you too much not to acknowledge, that I wished much to have seen you among the number of my friends; but how generous soever your sentiments may be, I cannot hear of such a declaration, but with the most lively disquietude. Why should we wantonly renounce so desirable an acquisition as a pure disinterested friendship? Its first delights are centered in purity, and owe nothing
either

either to illusion or caprice; the qualities of the mind form the cement, and time serves but to render it the more durable. Remorse can find no admittance to disturb our enjoyments, nor have we then to combat against the prejudices invented and established by designing knaves and vicious fools: should we presume to set up our most innocent *penchants* in opposition to their prescribed mandates, we cannot fail drawing upon our poor devoted heads those two familiar dæmons, slander and calumny. Must I then banish you my sight, and give up that refined pleasure I have so often experienced in your sensible and animated conversations? Must I then sacrifice your society to the false opinions of a world governed by popular notions; who eternally judge by the exterior, and condemn without distinction those charming affections, without which life is but a mere vegetation?

But, my good Sir, when you reflect on my present situation, and the real state of yours, you will see the propriety

ety of suppressing a sentiment which may become fatal to our happiness.

BEAUMONT.

LETTER V.

To Lady Beaumont.

MY LADY,

MY passion, though unfortunate, is by no means criminal. I do not, cannot repent I have made you the avowal of my passion; especially when I consider, that in the person of Lady Beaumont I have discovered a sensibility perfectly similar to my own; the same peculiar taste and turn of thinking; with every other desired requisite to form the most perfect unison, and make us completely happy. Yes, I do love you, nor can words express the ardour of my feelings. I cannot bear this cruel absence. Nothing can amuse me a moment; I find every place and person insipid where you are not, and if you do not speak or write
me

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me into existence, I shall become the most miserable of beings. Ah! write to me instantly; tell me at least you permit me to see you. O, Lady Beaumont! do me the justice to believe, that your lovely person, amiable qualities and disposition, have inspired me with the most lively esteem, the most perfect friendship, and the most tender love.

L E T T E R VI

From Colonel Ormsby.

DEAR LADY BEAUMONT!

THERE is to be no repetition to-day of our new opera; the principal performer is suddenly indisposed, the author raves, and I execrate, in being thus disappointed of the happiness of attending you. Will you not, however, permit me to pay you my respects in the evening? you are to leave us for a whole week—what an age! you know your charming company gives me an inexpressible pleasure; and

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and I dare add, that the hours of my banishment I do not count as belonging to my existence. Could you but read the bottom of my heart, and know how much I adore you—but what has this to do with our new opera? I know not what I say—I know not what will become of me; but this I do know, that I can never cease loving, even to idolatry, the most beautiful woman the hand of nature ever formed.

LETTER VII.

From Lady Beaumont.

HERE I am, Colonel Ormsby, the most regular and orderly creature living. I keep remarkable good hours, play but little, and read much, although we have a house full of the best company, but unluckily we have a metaphysical mortal among us, who is eternally tormenting and insulting our understandings with his jargon and singular hypothesis. I am sometimes, however, obliged to listen to this whimsical

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whimsical being, but he is too much in the clouds, and too subtle in his terms and manner to comprehend his meaning. Merville Castle, Colonel Ormsby, is delightfully situated, and commands an extensive prospect; the lawns, woods, and gardens, make it sweetly rural; and the whole scene is terminated by a small river, which serpentine along one of the prettiest vallies your imagination could possibly conceive: this charming spot may be deemed a little Paradise, notwithstanding I mope here, and shall not be comfortable 'till I find myself once more at home.

A-propos; the Countess du Bois, who I find has a seat in this neighbourhood, visits us very frequently; by which means I learn you are intimately acquainted with her Ladyship. I assure you, Sir, you owe her many obligations; for on my accidentally mentioning your name, she spoke of you in a manner, that did you the greatest honour: she also intimated as certain her procuring you the Place you are soliciting at Court. Permit me to felicitate you upon having so warm and zealous

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ous a Friend in the Person of Lady du Bois, it cannot fail augmenting the good opinion I have conceived of her as well as the esteem I have indulged for one to whom I wish all sublunary happiness.

L E T T E R VIII.

From Colonel Ormsby.

TIS true, my dear Lady Beaumont, I have had a warm and zealous friend in the person of the Countess; my heart however, is insensible to every other impression than that of gratitude: this sentiment I know will make her a bitter enemy; nevertheless, I scorn to pay her the homage of flattery and deception. Your Ladyship may be assured, that my heart is totally devoted to you alone. Fear and hope have their alternatives, and I can find no medium: my future life is marked for extreme wretchedness or unspeakable felicity. Hope now prevails, Lady Beaumont. A pre-sentiment

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ment whispers happiness. Words are therefore inadequate to express my feelings; your imagination must now do justice to my looks and inarticulate sounds, which will re-visit you with *new expressions* of a superlatively enamoured soul. O! if you value my health—if you value my future peace of mind—nay, if you would preserve even my existence, deign then to let me honour you—esteem you and adore you. Adieu; be it a curse, be it a blessing, I must cherish the fond, fond passion. Should I experience any other sentiment, my whole nature must be totally changed, and consequently, I must persevere in thinking Lady Eloisa Beaumont to be the only woman in the universe with whom I could be happy.

L E T T E R IX.

From Mr. Neville.

DEAR ORMSBY!

SINCE you are a prey to melancholy, you do well to make me your friend and confidant. Although experience

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rience has taught me to rise superior to certain *penchants*, I still remember the many bitter moments they have occasioned, and from thence I learn to commiserate and pity others: for my part, I most cordially despise those very poor Philosophers, who think they approach perfection by divesting themselves of their feelings.

I have maturely reflected on the present posture of your affairs: I know also the torment of feigning a passion for one, while the heart is positively devoted to another; and I know too well the violence of Lady Dubois's disposition not to be alarmed for an open rupture. I have been more than once a slave to those petty kind of infidelities: I at last saw the folly of such a conduct, and I can assure you, I was a total stranger to every kind of tranquillity 'till I had fortitude enough to fly such delusive pleasures.

Recal to your memory, my dear Friend, the long conversation which I had with you, when I first discovered your connection with the Countess; I then predicted what would be the result
of

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of your homage to an imperious Beauty. She has undoubtedly rank and great interest at Court; her personal charms and coquetry make her the envy of one sex, and the admiration of the other: this is indeed enough I must confess, to turn the head of a young man desirous of shining in the first circles. At your age, my dear Colonel, vanity is too often the first passion of our souls; we then implicitly give up our little reason to the pleasures which surround us. And the general result of our refined address to women is, that the first month procures us amusement, the second becomes tedious and listless, and the third frequently brings on such a mortal apathy or disgust, that we seek the first occasion of demolishing the idol our depraved imaginations had created.

O, poor Colonel Ormsby! in what a vortex of folly and error art thou not already plunged! what a mistress hast thou not chosen! I blame thee, my Friend, for having formed such an intimacy, and not for thy endeavours to transplant thy affection to another woman:

woman: nor indeed do I see where all this ingratitude is that thou talkest about. The Countess, 'tis true, has procured the promotion and some eclat at Court—thou hast repaid the obligation by an unwearied obsequiousness—by thy long services as gentleman usher or *Cavalier Servente*. This account being impartially balanced, I can discover nothing of that great word Ingratitude; and I hope thou art really wiser than by a false delicacy to become the dupe of thy quixote Heroism.

'Tis now high time I speak of a far different character. Yes, Colonel Ormsby, I have the honour of being among the number of Lady Beaumont's Friends. I know her well, and that you may know also the danger you are running, I beg you will read the outlines of her history with the attention they so deservedly merit.

The History of Lady Beaumont.

THIS amiable and accomplished Lady is the daughter of that celebrated Officer Count de * * *, who
having

having the very great misfortune of losing the mother of Lady Eloisa in a few years after their marriage; he retired into the country, and devoted his whole time to the education of his only child, he loved with the greatest tenderness. Unfortunately for both, the Count was passionately fond of rank and titles, and this prejudice had taken so deep root in at his heart, that the man of Quality stifled the feelings of a Father so far, as to destine the young and beautiful Eloisa to the arms of the old Viscount de Beaumont. The effects of this unnatural union soon made him sensible of the injury he had done his daughter; he gave himself up to the blackest melancholy; and in less than two years he was the first victim of an ill-placed ambition. Would to heaven that this fatal error could serve as a terrible lesson to those inconsiderate Parents, who force the inclinations of their children, and become the authors of all the calamities so frequently attending such barbarous exertions of their authority!

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The Count's daughter was scarce fourteen when she was married to the Viscount, who was then the cruel side of sixty. With respect to his person, he is remarkably tall ; his countenance is commanding and severe ; his manner harsh and imperious ; his sentiments contracted and illiberal. His gallantry has been with the most vicious part of the fair sex ; the deductions are self-evident. His creed therefore is, that virtue has no place in the female breast ; and that to avoid being their dupes one must necessarily be their tyrant : to complete the portrait, his disposition is to be mistrustful, and jealous to the last degree. I will however draw a veil over those horrible scenes which his diabolical temper has occasioned ; although I have heard them from those who are about his person. What a life for a timid, delicate and feeling woman ! Not a word escaped her lips without a misconstruction ; not a look but breeds suspicion ; if silent, 'tis guilt that makes her so ; if talkative, she would impose upon his understanding. I have been even told, that
he

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he carries the rage of jealousy to such extremes as to watch her while asleep, in hopes that a dream may discover something to call her fidelity in question. This cruel procedure she bore with a wonderful resignation for many years, and endeavoured on all occasions to soften and humanise the tyger to whom she was united. Vain effort! this only served to increase his suspicions, and to render him so insupportable, that at last she formed the resolution of seeking an asylum in the house of her uncle, where she now is: and from repeated intreaties, joined to a spirited conduct of her uncle, she at last obtained a settlement with an act of separation: notwithstanding this, he has a secret passion for watching her actions, and often comes to Paris incognito for that purpose. Such, my friend, is the real position of the woman you love; and to which I add, that if I have any influence of persuasion, you will instantly renounce every pretension for ever—Yes, for ever.

You are still a very young man, and an inclination may easily be construed into
into

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into a violent passion ; besides, take my word for it, Lady Eloisa Beaumont will prove no easy conquest. The retrospect of what she has already suffered is too strongly imprinted in her memory, and by a long privation she knows how to value and preserve her liberty: for this reason, as well as many others which I could easily adduce, I advise you not to think of it a moment longer. - What painful reproaches and eternal remorse would you not experience, if by obtaining her heart, you should find your's insensible or attached to another ! Could my generous and noble friend seek to destroy the peace of an amiable and virtuous woman, whose sensibility would deprive her of her happiness and even life itself ? O surely no : let me then conjure you to abandon the idea of disturbing the present tranquility under the protection of a relation who loves her, and who studies to make her as happy as the nature of her situation will admit. Remember also how you are both circumstanced ; that in fact you are not more free than Lady Eloisa. Let us even suppose she receives your
addresses,

addresses, in what a labyrinth will you not find yourself? I know your scruples, your delicacy, and I know also how far the Countess Dubois may influence your conduct by her masterly talent of representation: I know besides that you will be tempted to preserve the one you do not love, which leads naturally to deceive her you do love: you will consequently act with duplicity, which cannot fail rendering you culpable, and of course unhappy.

“ I will break off immediately with the Countess,” you will tell me; you will even make some efforts, but you will fail in the attempt. And by way of a continued supposition, let us see you the most tender, the most faithful, and the most passionate of lovers—what follows? Lady Beaumont would then become the most unfortunate of women; the jealous eye of her husband will watch all your motions, discover all your secrets; he will gladly seize every occasion to draw upon you both a legal vengeance: then my young Lover will deplore the loss of his mistress,

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tress, her honour, and the fruitless counsels of his Friend. Adieu!

Your's faithfully,

NEVILLE.

LETTER X.

Colonel Ormsby to Mr. Neville.

ALL is over, my dear Neville; the secret has at last escaped me. I love, I have dared to avow my passion, and I love the more passionately for having so done. I cannot therefore follow your advice. I am too delighted with my present happiness, and my delirious soul rejects your manner of reasoning. Be my future days ever marked with disappointment and affliction, I shall still persevere in captivating a heart where centers all my felicity. The excess of my passion will inspire me with courage to brave every coming misfortune; it will listen to no counsels, or admit of any curb to a soul which breathes but to love and adore.

adore. I have a pre-sentiment—Yes—a pre-sentiment, that I shall be supremely blessed with my Eloisa; and consequently, I am proof against the evils which my friend has barbarously predicted. O, Neville! I have great need of thy amity—I must repose in thy bosom all my pains, my pleasures, my hopes, and my fears. I have singled out from the mass of mankind the generous and liberal-hearted Neville. To him will I open my whole soul—do not pity me, for I love too ardently not to be the object of envy. Yes, Neville; Love in the degree which I feel it, is the last perfection of human nature. How enchanting, how attractive is the object of my desires! Beauteous Eloisa! I cannot pronounce thy name without the most sensible emotion. O, Neville! thy tranquillity is but vegetation in comparison to those delicious pleasures which I enjoy. This wonderful and enchanting passion I consider as the first gift of heaven; and were it offered to my choice, a series of years in which I might obtain the fruition of ease and serenity, or one only,

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in which I may taste of love and its delights, I would have, my dear Neville, but one year to live. Adieu!

L E T T E R XI.

The Countess Dubois to Colonel Ormsby.

DO you know, Colonel, that you are become a being not to be borne with? upon my honour, I am very angry with you. I have been here these fifteen days, and yet you remain in the Capital as if nothing called your attention to another place. But I will not scold for this once—I hate quarrels—and to fulk is unworthy minds of a superior class. Come then as soon as you please, I warrant you the echoes shall not resound the tender regrets of your long absence. I am no shepherdes; and were I one, I would display all the coquetry of my hamlet.

We have here a world of good company. Our charming Dutchess is ever inventing new pleasures. We have among us the sweet Lady *Presidente*,
who

who is a perfect *Agnes*, with eyes cast down, and blushes whenever she pleases: and what is a little singular, this pattern of affected modesty changes her Ciceroneo almost every day. Yesterday she was solicited for a little ariette, after a thousand awkward and foolish apologies, she covered her pretty face with her fan, and displayed all the graces of a little Boarding School Miss—at last finished by singing, with her usual inimitable *naïveté*, a most scandalous double *entendre*. Lady *Troix Etoiles* has been also escorted hither by her dear enamorado of a fat husband, hobbling upon two crutches; making the panegyric of a walking exercise and rural amusements. Among the motley group we have a thing they call a Lord, who affects to be a philosopher, a wit, and a man of the *Ton*; he recites miserable verses of his own composition, and has a sovereign contempt for the whole female creation. I must not forget our pastoral Celadon—His passion for the subaltern divinities—with his manner so divinely original and diverting. When the poor creature plumes him-

self

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self as the sacrificator, he is nothing more or less than the victim: and when he speaks, he is answered with a smile of pity, which the poor devil takes for the sure indication of his superior merit.

You see, Colonel Ormsby, by this short sketch, that we are not wanting in originals; let me repeat here, that although I am absent from those I love and respect, I do not forget my friends, or neglect their interests.—While you, lovely creature, are basking in the sunshine of the Capital, I am moving heaven and earth to do you some essential services! but I hate preaching! strange mortal! quit Paris, and fly to the Castle of Bellevue.—I have too much self-love to believe you faithless, but I have said a great deal too much already.

DUBOIS.

P. S. A-propos, I must not forget to mention a female visitant, whom the Beaux consider as one of their reigning beauties. They call her Eloisa Beaumont.

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mont. She is, I find, universally cried up as something more than mortal, and that she is as witty as she is graceful and handsome. For my part, I am at a loss to discover those shining perfections; on the contrary, I cannot help considering her in the *tout-ensemble* very little better than a mere country puss. Should chance throw her in your way, let me at least have the gratification to find you have humbled her vanity: I can't bear these demure creatures, who by their concealed cunning, lay every man under contribution.

LETTER XII.

Lady Beaumont to Col. Ormsby.

I AM returned home more fatigued than amused with this day's excursion. I have dined at the Convent, supped a few miles from town, where I played a dull party at whist, with a partner who was wofully peevish and ill-natured. 'Tis true I was rather absent, and he was polite enough to tell me

me I ought to mind my play ; repeating and enumerating all the mistakes I had made. I however respected his great age as much as if I had been a Lacedemonian ; for he was as old as Methusaleh, and as melancholy as December. A propos, I have read your billet. I am still proof against all your fine turn'd periods and fine compliments ; nevertheless, the ability of my panegyrist has induced me to pardon him. These moments of self-love are indeed but transitory ; reflexion comes in and reduces all to the standard of genuine truth. You are, no doubt, a perfectly well-bred Gentleman, you are indulgent, and ever disposed to please ; notwithstanding this, I am not insensible to my numerous imperfections : thus much I must confess, that I cannot with a good grace, impose silence on those flattering eulogiums, when they fall from the masterly pencilling of a Colonel Ormsby.

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LETTER XIII.

Colonel Ormsby to Lady Beaumont.

DEAR LADY BEAUMONT,

I HAVE this instant received the unfortunate intimation, that I cannot be so happy as to see you this evening. The only pleasure I can therefore now enjoy is, to scribble you a few lines, and to repeat, that you are the object of my most perfect idolatry—that I cannot breathe, think or act, unless it be for you—that not one look of yours but goes immediately to my heart—not one word but what is there imprinted for ever—not a thing but I would gladly risk my life to procure you. Is to morrow also devoted to engagements which will deprive me of seeing you? my fears take from me the power of writing—what a cruel period since I saw you?—O pardon the disorder of my feelings, in favour of their warmth and sincerity.

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L E T T E R XIV.

Lady Beaumont to Col. Ormsby.

SO you are at last determined to make a Tour to England? I must confess that I am sorry you have taken this resolution to deprive your friends of your society—but—

Go, and remember, that my friendship wishes you every sublunary happiness.

L E T T E R XV.

Colonel Ormsby to Lady Beaumont.

DEAR LADY BEAUMONT,

YOUR kind billet, laconic as it is, has carried a new day into my ideas. I am so transported with joy, that I give up all thoughts of going to England. Heavens! how could I propose a journey of this nature, since I cannot live one day without seeing you? O lovely, lovely, woman! you have given me a new existence. Long have I sought

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I fought the woman I could both love and esteem—Gods! I have found her, and I know not another wish! My felicity is so great, that I want terms to express my gratitude or love. Every kind angel guard and protect the lovely Lady Beaumont!

LETTER XVI.

Lady Beaumont to Colonel Ormsby.

S I R,

I AM no longer unable to account for the motive which induced you to leave my house so precipitately. You have, I find, prior engagements. I thought—no matter.

I have heard a long history in the house where I supped. You were highly applauded for your constancy, respect, and gratitude. These are certainly among the first class of virtues, had you not sought to disturb the tranquility of another. Ah, how happy am I to be only susceptible to esteem and friendship!

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LETTER XVII.

Mr. Neville to Lady Beaumont.

IF I write but seldom to your Ladyship, 'tis more the effect of discretion than negligence. As I have retreated from the gay and busy scenes of life, I devote my whole time to the culture of my little estate; but rustic as I am become, I often think of Lady Beaumont, and that too with the sincerest affection. Time may efface from our memory those of your sex who were only pretty, but we can never forget those who were distinguished for their virtues and accomplishments. Your Ladyship has the uncommon felicity of uniting both the one and the other. The honest eulogiums of a simple country gentleman are cloathed in humble and artless language--but they will not be the less pleasing to one of your character and disposition.

Your uncle frequently mentions you in his letters; and 'tis from him I learn
that

that you enjoy your wished for liberty, and that you are contented and happy. For heaven's sake, never relinquish this system of independence. Remember that there are men who can mimic sentiment and passion; with one of your sensibility you are lost, irreparably lost, if ever you cease being indifferent to their incense. I am no declamatory pedant, no churl, or filled with prejudices and trite maxims; I am the honest-hearted friend, and 'tis your cause alone I wish to plead.

I am,

My Lady,

Your Ladyship's

Most obedient Servant,

N E V I L L E.

Billet from Colonel Ormsby.

YESTERDAY I called upon your Ladyship with the intention of rectifying your mistakes respecting the Countess. Your Porter said you were
not

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not at home : pardon me, if I mistake not, I saw a certain Marquis's carriage in waiting. Perhaps 'twas a mistake of your servants ; from this supposition I still flatter myself I shall be more successful in my next visit.

Another Billet.

EIGHT days successively have I been at your house without once being so fortunate as to have seen you, while the Marquis de ***—pardon my distraction. Good God ! what a perspective is opening to my view ! can you ? —O no—yet still you fly me ! you will not deign to answer my notes. What can this mean ? what have I done to merit your silence and contempt ? Let me conjure you to name the cause of your displeasure.

Another Billet.

FOR a moment I forget my misfortunes to tell your Ladyship, that there are reports circulating greatly to
your

your disadvantage. They say, that the Marquis—death is in the thought—I cannot believe it—slander is inexorable! O, Lady Beaumont! let me conjure you to preserve your unsullied reputation—you are, you must be, a total stranger to his real character; and as a proof of what I advance, I beg you will read the enclosed letter, which he recently wrote, and dispersed copies of it among his particular friends; for this reason I ought not to consider it as confidential. You will there read his sentiments of woman; you will see a shameful picture of his licentious amours:—after which, judge if he be worthy to appear among the number of your friends.

L E T T E R XVIII.

*The Marquis du * * * to Sir*

*George * * **

AR T thou not a fool, Sir George, with all thy rodomontade of vows, oaths and protestations of eternal love and constancy? and art thou such a visionist

a visionist in the annals of gallantry, as to believe one ought to love sincerely, never to deceive the dear, dear creatures? poor Sir George! how little hast thou studied the chapter of women!

I laugh heartily to hear thee talk about love matters: if thou wilt study the art of culling sweets from every flower,

“Learn thy first rudiments by reading me.”

Primò. In love the most capricious and inconstant mortal is certainly the greatest philosopher: and this charming philosophy is adopted with incredible avidity by that dear sex of which thou art their tender apologist.

Secundò. An Indian Lady, Princess or what you please, by yielding to the impulse of nature, frequently changes her lovers to gratify all her whims and feelings; a woman of the world studies how to create new ones.

Tertiò. The coquet is inconstant by system; by this means she enjoys the credit of encreasing her charms in proportion to the number of her adorers.

Quartò.

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Quartò. A prude is a slave to appearances that she might not suffer in private.

Quintò. Demi-reps (and I could give thee a glorious list of the most distinguished!) affirm, that a variety of Lovers is physically salutary, as well as friendly to pleasure. Such respectable authorities are conclusive, Sir George; besides, my own experience demonstrates another Theorem in the Lover's mathematics.

Ultimò. "*That every woman is at heart a Rake.*"

And why the Devil wouldst thou have it otherwise? Really, Sir George, this romantic notion of thine, if carried through all its stages of refinement, will not fail to annihilate all our feelings; to remedy this misfortune, I know nothing so efficacious as positive Infidelity to restore them to their wonted vigour.

"But what will then become of virtue, decency and decorum" thou wilt say? my answer is, that they must make their way as well as they can: for thou wilt agree with me, that 'tis dreadfully

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dreadfully virtuous to kill one's time with listlessness and inaction; to pique ones self upon the heroism of a paltry eit, or to make one's self stupid from a false delicacy. Dost thou know any thing more burdensome than to lug a chain which decorum has forged, when the Cytherian Goddess invites thee another way? Life, Sir George, is like a flash of lightning; 'tis then necessary our tastes should form a perfect resemblance, and that our pleasures should become equally rapid and brilliant. 'Tis indeed granted, that we sometimes see a blessed pair of Turtles, who pass upon the world as passionate Lovers, though in secret they most cordially despise each other; nevertheless, either through pride, vanity, or good policy, they reciprocally agree in preserving external appearances.

Shall I speak out, Sir George? why then here it is. I would have every man banished to Siberia who was such an egregious fool, as to love the same object for twenty days together. I am capricious from tenderness. I will illustrate this more fully, by giving your
mistress

mistress a rival; this is no sooner discovered, than you will see her in a new point of view: her hatred for the object who has robbed her of her Lover, puts into action all the love she bears you—you become wonderfully interesting—a want of sleep begins—a shower of letters follow—All is fire and distraction—every seductive art is put into execution—tears find their way after reproaches—and this affecting scene produces a temporary reconciliation.—In a word, to place a woman in her most charming point of view, you must torment her incessantly; this brightens her wit and imagination, and calls up all her powers of pleasing.

When chance carries me to the Theatre, a variety of pursuits engross my attention. For example, I brave the dear Creature who once had me in her chains, my glass follows the *Belle* I have in view, and I ingeniously torture my mistress of the day: by this innocent expedient, the heavy moments between the acts are agreeably filled up; and this eternal transition from object to object, draws the eyes of the whole

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whole house upon me. Some point me out as a perfectly well-bred young man of quality; others are pleased to honour me with the flattering epithet of an unprincipled Libertine. On all sides, I have the vanity to hear myself quoted, be it for praise or censure. My follies indeed are some of my own invention; for instance, I put the ladies in a tract that is positively singular and uncommon, if not totally of my own idea; and I find by this expedient, that the most reserved ladies become the most intrepid heroines. To give thee, Sir George, a little sketch or illustration of my originality, suffice it to say, that for these fifteen days past I have employed all my rhetoric upon a pretty little female that a puff of wind would almost annihilate: she is besides the most timid of her sex, and yet she had courage enough to make me her *Cavalier Servente*. The following anecdote will conduct thee, Sir George, to the temple of Gnidus, by a path far preferable to that which the poets feign to be strewn with flowers.

The

The dear Idol in question thou must know, is passionately fond of music; this circumstance suggested the hint, that I knew of no pleasure more exquisite, than to enjoy all the raptures of love to the sound and movement of musical instruments, placed at a proper distance for reasons best known to ourselves, and to be divined without much difficulty. My *Inamorata* was fired with the proposition; and every night she dreamt of nothing else but of the execution of our project. As soon as measures were taken, a rendezvous was appointed at a grand entertainment given by the young and volatile Dutchess of * * *. Unluckily the husband took it into his head to be one of the party; but more the obstacles, more enhanced are our pleasures. We were obliged to let this young Dutchess into the secret. Our point was to dupe a poor devil of a husband, and as soon as that was effected, our scheme was too well concerted to fear any other obstacle in the completion of our *Academia del Musica*.

In

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In the midst of the supper, my heroine opened the prelude by a display of a fainting fit; the ladies flew to her assistance, while the intelligent Dutchess had her immediately carried into her own apartment, where as soon as she had ordered the servants to withdraw, she conducted my pretty little actress by a private corridor, and intrusted with her a key which would let her out unknown to any of the family. The Dutchess returns to her company, tells them the lady is put to bed, and then addressing the husband, "Don't
 " be uneasy, my dear Sir, to-morrow
 " morning, I dare say, will restore to
 " your arms your lady perfectly re-
 " covered."

Picture to thy imagination, Sir George, my lovely Pilgrim already in the street, her face buried under her cash, her feet imprisoned in a pair of little slippers, exposed to the nocturnal rambles of our amiable young Libertines, trembling, shivering, and tottering every step she took towards the place of assignation. I was upon the watch, and caught her in my arms more dead
 than

than alive. I escorted her through a long gallery, where the lights had been purposely extinguished; and by previous arrangements, she was as by enchantment conducted to my *Boudoir*, where elegance and taste vied for superiority. The display of wax lights reflecting from every part of the room, the choice of paintings analogous to the moment I had in view—all, all Sir George, seemed to invite one to love and rapture. My second Helen suffered too great an agitation to be sensible to the structure and elegance of the Temple I had dedicated to the Goddess of Beauty; for she had scarce entered, before she threw her delicate limbs upon a sofa destined to all the luxuries of a coming joy. The clarinets were scarce heard, however, than she was roused from her lethargy; and she instantly comprehended the signal of the great events that were to crown that evening. My orders were to begin with your largettos full of your fortes pianos and pianissimos, intermixed with your occasional amorosos, that might lull the organs too much relaxed
by

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by those lively emotions which seem to force the soul from her prison—when she dilates through every vein—when she carries disorder and a fire which consumes the effects she has created—and when she falls into a languor which even threatens her speedy dissolution.

Again—

Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre?
The trembling notes ascend the sky
And heav'nly joys inspire.

Again—

My beauteous fair one gave up her whole soul to the transports which her lover and music had conjointly inspired—and in the heighth of her extacy she passionately exclaimed—Ah, Marquis!

“Such is the pow'r of mighty Love!”

When this delightful scene was ended, a stamp of the foot opened a trap door, and a table elegantly served appeared before us. Never was supper
more

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more delicate or more enchanting; the music was lively, gay, and sometimes bacchic, which seemed to say,

“Lovely Thais sits beside thee,”

“Take the good the Gods provide thee.”

A grand pause properly adapted takes place—then like a clap of rattling thunder the rapturous sounds were animated and expressive—and again love and harmony were in perfect unison!

My amorous beauty was so enchanted with the novelty of her entertainment, that her looks plainly bespoke *un’ altra volta*, but day-light breaking through the curtains, closed the scene of our delights.

I conducted her back again, and in my way she ingeniously confessed, that she had never enjoyed a concert like that which I had just given her. The next day she returned home to the good man, her husband, who was such a simpleton as to thank the Dutchess for the honour she had done him. Adieu, Sir George; I shall be happy to initiate thee in all the mysteries unknown to vulgar lovers. This letter is a kind of

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Code that I propose to communicate to the public for the instruction of men, and for the encouragement of women who dare to be happy: 'tis absolutely necessary and patriotic to throw new lights upon the age we live in, so as to merit the appellation of a *good and virtuous citizen*.

L E T T E R XIX.

The Countess Dubois to Colonel Ormsby.

HA! ha! Colonel Ormsby! have I at last learnt your reasons for having been so long in Paris? don't be frightened, however, that the secret of your amours should escape me. And so, Sir, you have already given me proofs of your infidelity? and, what is still more delightful, you have paid your addresses to the very lady I had mentioned in my last letter. What a pretty snare has my sentimental Colonel Ormsby lain before me! I must confess that you are duly qualified to be L. L. D. in the science of gallantry. You have then made me the dupe of your artifice
and

and cunning?—'tis a triumph the more brilliant, when I assure you, that dupes, like your humble servant, are not to be met with every day: thanks to my stars, I am still young and in no want of admirers, and I can console myself with a speedy vengeance!

But to return to your recent conquest. Nobody disputes her youth, that she is extremely *gauche*, with a simplicity which is totally *à la Bergere*. 'Tis a matter of dispute, I am informed, which is the more superficial, her sentiments or her complexion: for the rest all agree, that she is a wonderful adept in the mysteries of the toilet. Some of my friends, who have the reputation of knowing the human heart, do not scruple to affirm, that her affability, modesty, and sweetness of manners, are the result of a refined hypocrisy; and that her true portrait is half prude and half coquet. Pardon me, Sir, for this *eclaircissement*; you know love is blind, and I thought it my duty to give you the most striking traits of your new divinity: if you should have the courage to lift up but one corner of the

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frontlet which hangs over your eyes, you will find me a better painter than you imagine.

A-propos, 'tis whispered that Lady Eloisa Beaumont is a perfect original, and that your respective *penchants* are already refined down to the standard of that exploded chimera Platonic Love. Permit my felicitations on so extraordinary an acquisition. But beware of the Gnomes, Colonel Ormsby! they know their proper moments—Lady B. has I hear many of those moments in the course of twenty-four hours.

I have the honour to be, &c.

DUBOIS.

The Answer.

THE irony with which your Ladyship's Letter is filled, shews how much you are mistress of your own heart, and the little importance you had annexed to the homage I had paid you. I hate the sin of ingratitude. I owe you many solid obligations, and I shall be happy at all times to acknowledge

ledge them with gratitude and respect; for this reason, I cannot enter into the particulars respecting the nature of my attachment to a lady, whom I highly esteem for her virtues and great accomplishments; and from henceforward I shall think it my duty to defend her honour against the illiberal attack of those, who are through malice or ignorance disposed to traduce and vilify so uncommon and so exalted a character. I presume that you are only the echo of this cruel procedure; for I can never think your Ladyship capable of having invented the many horrid things mentioned in your letter: sorry am I however to see the Countess Dubois take the poignard from the hands of her enemies, and becoming the blind instrument for the assassination of so fair a reputation. Would you wish to see Lady Beaumont such as she really is? reverse the picture, and you will have a striking resemblance. Permit me to add, that when your Ladyship is sensible of the injury you have done her, you will be extremely sorry for having been so deluded by slander and detraction.

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tion. I am, with the most lively sense for the favours you have conferred,

My Lady, &c.

ORMSBY.

L E T T E R XX.

Colonel Ormsby to Lady Beaumont.

WHAT crime have I then done, my Lady? surely you are too just and too generous to punish me with such rigour, if I had not merited this instance of your displeasure. Oh! do permit me to repeat again, that you will deign to inform me in what I have offended you? for these three weeks your door has been inaccessible, nor will you condescend to answer one of my billets. Day and night have I fruitlessly racked my brain to find out the cause of my disgrace. You punish me for some involuntary offence; in compassion then to my sufferings, tell me how I could possibly offend the best, and most lovely of women?

Ah!

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Ah! how transitory have been those few happy days in which you blest me with your confidence and amity! How is this period of felicity of a sudden changed! I ask myself a thousand questions, I can find nothing to reproach myself with; and yet you make me completely miserable. Dear Lady Beaumont! if you do not answer my letter, I am a lost man; for the incertitude of my situation is worse than absolute despair.

L E T T E R XXI.

*The Marquis du * * * to Col. Ormsby.*

DEAR ORMSBY,

THE subject of my letter to Sir George, of which thou hadst a copy, has recently made a devilish noise in the polite world. By some unlucky accident this little history has fallen into the hands of Lady Beaumont. At first I was in a confounded panic that my principles

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principles would have shocked her delicacy, and I immediately apprehended a *congé* in all its forms. The very reverse has happened; and I am become a greater favourite than ever. I am occasionally, however, obliged to hear a world of fine sentiment, a total disapprobation of my conduct; but then the reprehension is so gently and so graciously pronounced from one of the prettiest mouths in the world, that she of her own self destroys the wished-for effects of all her preaching. I am almost tempted to think, as God is my judge, that she intends my conversion, and that she conceives hopes of her success. My reputation, 'tis true, is more brilliant than solid; I propose therefore to carry it to the last stage of maturity, to impose silence on those malicious Ladies who are unaccountably disposed to think me a very superficial fellow. Lady B. has all the requisites necessary for their confusion and conviction. The more I see her, the more I find her estimable. With a Lady of so distinguished a merit, my sacrificing a month or so at

at her toilette will no doubt give a new éclat to my popularity.

As thou art banished, Colonel Ormsby, from the mansion of this Beauty, thou canst furnish me with some preliminary instructions, so as to shun the rock on which thou wast so unluckily ship-wreck'd; for, to confess the truth, when once I fall into the traps of your modest sentimental women, I find myself as in a lost country: thou shalt be then my beacon, thy counsels shall assist me—for, notwithstanding this *faux pas* of thine, I believe thee infallible in a matter of this nature. Adieu!

P. S. We don't see Colonel Ormsby at the house of a certain Countess. I hope thou art not such a fool as to quarrel with a woman of her consequence—send her immediately a flag of truce; and, if thou wouldst take my advice, surrender at discretion. I have many reasons for wishing to see thee there. I am very much disposed to play a capital character, but 'tis necessary to have a theatre and a respectable audience.

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LET-

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LETTER XXII.

Lady Beaumont to Colonel Ormsby.

S I R,

TIS with concern I learn your recent quarrel with the Countess Dubois. My friendship strongly induced me to write to you on this subject; and if my opinion have any weight, I earnestly recommend you not to neglect a speedy reconciliation; as she has great interest, and no doubt in possession of many good and shining qualities. You are, after all, the best judge how to act with propriety and honour: for I do not advise you to feign what you do not feel--a change of sentiments is a misfortune; but to deceive, is base and illiberal.

For my own part, I have well examined the actual position of my heart; I find it warmly attached to your interests, and that I could wish to see you among the number of my friends. I
feared

feared indeed it had been susceptible of a far different impression; and that fear was so alarming to my peace of mind, that I was determined never to see you again. I received the Marquis with an affectation which I hoped would have effectually called off your thoughts to another object; but I find I have been disappointed in my expected success: this has induced me to throw off the mask, and I make no doubt but the Marquis's vanity will save me his visits in future. I have but one thing to reproach myself with, which is, that I have suffered you to make a declaration of your sentiments, received your letters, and was so exceedingly indiscreet as to answer them.

As my heart is not made for any other impression than that of a disinterested friendship for Colonel Ormsby, I freely give you permission to renew your visits; but you know the conditions annexed. If I have a place in your affections, you will not hesitate putting them in practice; and I again repeat, that I am determined to persevere in my resolution of flying a passion which

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which may endanger my honour or my repose; a few instants of felicity are too dearly purchased when the exchange is an age of torments.

Billet from Colonel Ormsby.

SINCE Lady Beaumont condescends to see me again, I will implicitly submit to all her injunctions. The agitation of my mind will not permit me to write. In a few minutes I hope to have the supreme happiness of throwing myself at your Ladyship's feet.

L E T T E R XXIII.

Lady B. to Mr. Neville.

YOUR kind remembrance, your counsels, all conspire to convince me of your friendship; be assured, I have the highest sense of this mark of your distinction. I ought to have made you my best acknowledgements much sooner;

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fooner; but the many sacrifices I am compelled to make to fashion and etiquette, often call me from those I love and esteem. How do I envy you the pleasures of retirement, and a life of health and tranquillity! you are more than happy, Neville. You enjoy the rewards due to your virtues and great humanity. Let me hear from you often, for I stand in great need of such a Mentor.

My uncle will write to you very soon. Do not believe him if he should tell you that I am very melancholy: his great tenderness is such, that his fears become realities: for this adorable uncle, my dear friend, is a father, more than a father! pray, heaven, he may long enjoy his wonted health—'tis the first wish of my heart. To this blessing I add your friendship—what can I desire more?

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

Mr. Neville to Colonel Ormsby.

'T IS impossible to answer your letter in the manner I could wish, nor do I think it adviseable to commit my thoughts to writing upon so delicate a subject. I could therefore wish to see you here, if that emporium of dissipation can suffer you to kill a few days in the country. 'Tis now the most beautiful season of the year—a season which gives energy to nature. You will find some pleasing landscapes variegated with hill and dale, a noble forest, our husbandmen in active life, wearing on their countenances health, vigour, gaiety and contentment: you will also find a salubrious air, an unaffected hospitality, a choice collection of books, and a sincere friend.

The Answer.

DEAR NEVILLE!

MY heart chains me to this spot. Since Lady Beaumont has fixed her residence here, 'tis morally impossible that I could quit this terrestrial paradise. Her door has been long shut against me—'tis once more opened, and yet you would snatch me from so great a felicity—No, Neville; I cannot leave the object of my idolatry. Do not fear thy friend. The most honourable period of his life is dated from the instant he knew Lady Beaumont.

LETTER XXV.

Colonel Ormsby to Lady Beaumont.

AH! pardon me, pardon me, if I write a language contrary to your express injunctions. 'Tis an involuntary impulse—I can resist no longer. Did you but know my sufferings, I am
sure

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sure you would revoke the cruel sentence. I tremble, lest I should again incur your displeasure!—I am distracted—let me conjure you to write—at least, say you forgive the most passionate of men.

Billet from Lady Beaumont.

S I R,

I MUST and will be obeyed. If you persist in writing or speaking upon this painful subject, I know my remedy.

L E T T E R XXVI.

*The Marquis du * * * to Col. Ormsby.*

WHERE the duce dost thou keep thyself, my friend? I have need of thy friendship; for a damn'd rascal of a creditor has had the audacity to take out an action against me; as I have not a moment to spare, I cannot chastise his insolence, or endanger the plan of operations,

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operations, now hot upon the anvil ; therefore I beg thou wouldst send me by the bearer three hundred louis. I know I can rely on thy friendship for such a trifle. A-propos, I have had a world of business upon my hands, as thou wilt judge by the following sketch of my late adventures, which are highly interesting for a man of fashion ; but I scarce know how to follow the thread of events in the order as they happened. The first catastrophe which has befallen me, was the unexpected displeasure of Lady Beaumont ; who gave me my *congé* in a manner so novel, that I can never forgive or forget. This woman is by the Lord a perfect riddle ! the sentimental dying swain, Colonel Ormsby, was discarded to make room for the rattle cap Marquis—all on a sudden the caprice is reversed, and this sly Colonel talks sentiment with a greater rage than ever ! This game at cross-purposes is perfectly new, and the *dénouement* wonderfully original. Were this disgrace of mine to get wind, I should have a *persifleur* in every one I met ; and I am the more mortified, as
I had

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I had persuaded myself that, by adding her to the number of my sultana's, my celebrity had been completed. To console myself, however, for this singular stroke of coquetry, I was soon after introduced to the Countess Dubois, where my progress is already surprizingly rapid. Here, my friend, is what I call a woman of wit, talents, and spirit!—business, intrigues, raptures, perfidies, employ her day and night. She has, besides, a marvellous ascendancy over some great men in office; she promises every body, and keeps her word with none but Colonel Ormsby.

One morning I paid her an early visit, and in my way to her *Boudoir* I passed through her Ladyship's *Chamber of Audience*. Never did I see such a group of beings so whimsically collected together. Among them, I saw one with a petition, another a memoir, a third to solicit a benefice, a strolling player to have her Ladyship's good offices for his making his first appearance in the character of Crispin. At last, I entered the sanctuary where my Goddess was
fast

fast asleep, in a beautiful alcove covered with plate-glass, in a stile that caught hold of my senses: and while I was admiring the Temple of Love, the Nymphs awoke their divinity. The first words that fell from her lovely mouth were employed in scolding; she then raised up her lovely ebony eye-lashes—gave a half-look, and gently closed them—again she opened her bewitching peepers, let them fall upon me—began to be immoderately prudish—burst out in a laugh—and all was over. Her head-dress was a little deranged—so much the better; her complexion appeared through an animated red and white; her night-dress half undone with floating ribbands, left me to admire all the charms of a studied disorder: After an infinity of compliments, with some other pleasing *etceteras*, I saw her monkey enter, followed by her two secretaries! Each mechanically took his ordinary station, the monkey leaped upon the bed, where he exhibited a thousand tricks, and a thousand indecencies which made me blush—Yes, blush, by all that's good and amiable!

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ble! the secretaries looked woefully grave—the monkey grinned a ghastly smile—her women yawned——while every figure contributed to render the painting inimitably new and pittoresque. Soon after the Countess got up, and, by a charming negligence masterly directed, I found her inexpressibly captivating. And now behold the pretty minister of state at her toilette in the most bewitching dishabille imaginable! the folding doors are thrown open—the levee begins. The Countess articulates something like words—casts a glance here and there—says a thousand kind things to poor Crispin—overlooks the gentleman in black——receives carelessly every thing presented—begs I will ring——orders her carriage—gives me her lily-white hand—pops into her vis-a-vis——“to Versailles”——and her steeds fly upon the wings of the wind. What the devil have I been doing! I have had an engagement this half hour and more, and yet I am scribbling to a He-creature! Adieu! Adieu!

The

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The Answer.

MY LORD,

YOU know my sentiments relative to Lady Beaumont. We ought to respect a woman of her character and distinguished virtues; and I must take the liberty to add, that I shall consider any reflections on that Lady as a personal affront offered to,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Most obedient Servant,

ORMSBY.

LETTER XXVII.

Lady Beaumont to Colonel Ormsby.

S I R,

I HAVE the pleasure to inform you, that Marshal de V. is returned from Germany. Pray pay your respects without loss of time. You know that
he

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he is courteous and friendly. He is, Colonel Ormsby, the man who will serve you, without publishing it to the whole universe: this is one of my honourable friends, who, though no courtier, is well received, and who never promises what he thinks he can never perform. I shall be very happy to hear of your success. Is it not just that friendship should have its pleasures, as well as that selfish passion, which I detest naming? This is one great fault of which you are guilty, in persevering to affirm that it is superior to a disinterested friendship: if you wish to preserve my esteem, retract your assertion in favour of a sentiment which becomes the charm of my life.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

Lady Beaumont to Colonel Ormsby.

ON my return, I found your name upon the list—I wish your visit had been earlier, as I supped in the house of mourning, where I expected a
very

very solemn repast. Good Heavens ! what unfeeling hearts are upon this habitable globe ! the Lady who did the honours of the table had to deplore the loss of a tender mother ; nevertheless, she whispered in my ear, that she had never in her life so wished to be at a ball as she had done ever since *decorum* had put it out of her power. Ah, Madam ! answered I, with concern, take care there be none to hear you. This unfeeling woman is, notwithstanding, a professed prude, and has no small reputation for the exactitude with which she acquits herself of all her duties. How wofully deceitful are external appearances ! Do not mention this trait to any soul living—you are my only confidant in this matter ; for it would grieve me to find her friends conceived so disadvantageous an idea, or that any one should know that a mind which has been so cultivated, should be found so destitute of instinct and sensibility.

LET-

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LETTER XXIX.

Lady B. to Madam St. Alban.

YOU are, my dear Friend, the faithful repository of all my sentiments; and perhaps the only one who would sympathise in all my sufferings. In your bosom, my dear St. Alban, I have shed many a bitter tear for that detested union which gave me the name of Beaumont; and it is to you I fly for pity and consolation. You, who can read so well my inmost thoughts, must divine the cause of my present misery. I feared, however, to open to you the state of my present feelings; but the load is become intolerable; I stand in great want of your counsels—yes, I stand in great want of your usual tenderness and compassion. I was going twenty times, to open to you my whole soul—I wanted courage—the words died upon my tongue—I remained petrified and silent—You have seen Colonel Ormsby; for I remember
but

but too well that you characterised him for the polite well-bred gentleman; one who had a superior and well-cultivated understanding, with a delicacy of sentiment and sensibility uncommon to his sex. Such valuable qualities soon found a place in my esteem—that esteem ripened into a disinterested friendship—that friendship into—heavens! what am I going to say! Ah, my dear Friend! his letters were so tender, so respectful, so passionate, that in my unguarded moments I answered them: those answers have inspired temerity in him, and in the breast of your poor Eloisa, a thousand agonizing apprehensions. All that I could suggest, I have done to banish him from my thoughts; I ordered my door to be shut against him; still his letters followed me to my closet, and alas! to my heart also.

That heart got the lead of my understanding so far, that I again permitted his visits, and this permission has ruined every one of my firmest resolves. I am now a prey to restlessness, absence of mind, and the torments of an excessive sensibility. I condemn his

passion to silence; yet he talks with such eyes, accent and manner, that I lose my senses, and give into the fascinating illusion. A thousand times I have formed a scheme to fly him for ever; yet the pangs I feel in passing one day without seeing him, stagger all my resolutions—To fly him, I shall be completely miserable—to see him, I shall endanger my reputation, my liberty, and perhaps my eternal peace of mind!

The Answer.

DEAR Lady Beaumont, be consoled. Remember that a misfortune is no crime. I do not even advise you to stifle your feelings; such a measure would only serve to increase that passion which I fear has already taken too deep a root ever to be eradicated. Tell me, however, every symptom of your disease, and I will candidly give you my Opinion, if I think it curable: but if I may judge by those you have already mentioned, I must be compelled

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compelled to pronounce against you. You need not apprehend any bad consequences from this instance of your confidence and amity ; I love and respect you too much not to keep your secrets inviolable ; or to omit offering you every assistance or alleviation in my power.

ST. ALBAN.

LETTER XXX.

Lady B. to Colonel Ormsby.

S I R,

FAR be it from me to disapprove of your reconciliation with the Countess, nor have I any right to censure your having secrets to communicate in the Box of a Theatre ; I only condemn your want of candour in your declaring you held no longer correspondence with that Lady, when I have such ocular proofs to the contrary. I blush for my credulity, and my im-

menſe weakneſs! I ſhall never forget the embarraſſment my unexpected preſence occaſioned. The Counteſs diſplayed all the airs of a triumph; and you were ſo perfectly reſpectful, that you left the houſe without a ſingle apology. You ſcarce dared to look at me—one ought to bluſh before the object ſo groſſly deceived. You have, thank God, reſtored me to my ſenſes!—Be happy with your Counteſs, and ceaſe in future *to feign a paſſion you are incapable of feeling*. Ah! how I rejoice that the mask is fallen off,—’twas high time it ſhould.

The Answer.

“**C**EAſE in future to feign a paſſion you are incapable of feeling:” My God! is it Lady Beaumont who has written theſe murderous words? under what cruel colours have you depicted the moſt ſincere and the moſt unhappy of men! O, Lady Beaumont! reflect a moment! will an accidental

dental conversation at a public place give you such a mean opinion of my honour and veracity, as to blast my rising happiness? Surely no: will you then permit me to relate the matter of fact such as it really happened? will you deign to hear me? Alas! will you deign to believe me?

Just before the curtain was up, I was passing the corridor to take my place, when I heard somebody call me, when, to my great surprize, I found it was the Countess, who desired I would accompany her to her box, as she had something material to say to me. I dared not to refuse her commands. With her usual vivacity she ran on from subject to subject, asking me a thousand questions, as if she had foreseen what would have happened. Your presence served to redouble my uneasiness and embarrassment. I made several efforts to return to my box, but I was still retained by the Countess's ill-timed irony, and her 'something material to tell me.' I began to see the snare she had caught me in—I fear-
ed

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ed to meet your eyes—In my distraction I escaped as a thief would from his prison. I had not courage to appear before you—I considered myself as guilty of a crime. You mistook my motives, and you gave me a look that was dreadfully alarming—but if your Ladyship's heart had any part in your letter, how ought I to value its contents! your very anger becomes all sweetness—your alarms my blest assurance, that they sprung from a sympathy of feelings—Pardon my rashness—do not be angry—your Ladyship can render me irretrievably wretched, but you cannot remove the impression which an ardent and sincere passion has stamped upon my soul—in compassion to my distress of mind, tell me at least you pity the unhappy

ORMSBY.

The

The Answer.

PARDON me, Sir, I am really ashamed of having given you so much uneasiness. I am now convinced that my suggestions were unworthy Colonel Ormsby. I begin to hate even friendship—since I find it inspires mistrust and inquietude, with many other defects of which I had no conception. To be happy or even comfortable, I must study to divest myself of all my sensibility.

LETTER XXXI.

The Countess Dubois to Colonel Ormsby.

THAT Colonel Ormsby mortally hates me, is now beyond a doubt. What a cruel trick have I played him! I love mischief so well, that I have highly diverted myself and my friends at his expence. What! to
call

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call a poor dying swain into my box, and there kill him with chit-chat and *persiflage*, while his divine Phillis was figuring away in another directly opposite! I shall never be pardoned, that is certain. Poor Ormsby! art thou no farther advanced in the study of woman! Poor Colonel! he was so embarrassed, so *gauche*, and so frightened, that he dared not cast one look. A smile of mine made him tremble—one glance from his Phillis, and Damon was petrified. In this tragic-comic I discovered, that the modest Phillis is passionately fond of her gentle Damon. Her affected tranquillity was poorly concealed—if I mistake not, I saw her fly to the aid of her smelling-bottle to keep from fainting.—Dear creatures! what misery have I given you both! If Colonel Ormsby at least does not send me his immediate pardon, I shall certainly break my heart.

LET-

LETTER XXXII.

Colonel Ormsby to Lady Beaumont.

I WAS so transported with joy in reading your gracious billet, that I flew to your house, and found you at your toilet. I craved permission to arrange a rebel curl, and was answered with a smile, that emboldened me to ask a favour I had often solicited in vain. At last I became so importunate, that you deigned to let me hear your charming voice pronounce

“ I will think of it, Colonel Ormsby.”

Let me conjure you not to forget your promise. Can you be so cruel as to refuse me? Oh! no; methinks I see you *smile again*, and I read in your expressive eyes the promise they made me when I heard you say

“ I will think of it, Colonel Ormsby.”

LETTER XXXIII.

Colonel Ormsby to Lady Beaumont.

A Thousand thanks, dear Lady Beaumont, for this instance of your friendship. Now am I feasting my fond eyes with a part of those dear locks.

——— Which graceful hung behind,
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.

I fancy I still see those floating pendants—my heart beats—a sudden fire runs through all my veins. O delights of love! raptures beyond expression! Believe me, Lady Beaumont, that this passion which frightens you so much is the charm of our lives; this passion alleviates our pains, and gives a zest to all our solid pleasures; 'tis the delicious food of refined minds, and the source of every virtue—but painful as your
injunctions

injunctions are, I will obey you. How rapidly fly the hours when in your company--in your absence, my Lady, how dreadfully tedious!

LETTER XXXIV.

Mr. Neville to Colonel Ormsby.

BE assured, my young amiable friend, that I will no longer combat your partiality for Lady Beaumont. I have done all that friendship could dictate; your passion resists every thing, and since you predict happiness, I can have nothing farther to say upon the subject, than that my wishes are, you may soon enjoy the fruition of your prophecy.

Oh source of ev'ry social tie

United with, and mutual joy!

What various joys on one attend,

As son, as father, brother, husband, friend?

Whether his hoary fire he spies,

While thousand grateful thoughts arise;

Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;

Or views his smiling progeny;

What

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What tender passions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move?
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

Since I know so well your disorder, I am induced to grant you some indulgence. I see plainly by all your letters, that they breathe the language of the heart, sometimes at the expence of your understanding. For example, you are romantic enough to despise titles, honours and riches. This sentiment seems to gain ground every day, so that I fear already you have placed a cloud between you and society. At your age, we believe we possess every thing when we love. Ah! Colonel Ormsby! this dream, at best, is but of a short duration; and when it ceases, where is the foundation on which you built so fragile a structure?

I am sorry to hear from very good authority, that you are become in a manner indifferent to the appointment you have had in view: remember, my indolent friend, that this promotion would place you about the person of
your

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your Royal Master—if you neglect the present moment, your fortune is marr'd for ever.

You will tell me, that your attachment engrosses your whole soul. If so, you ought to exert yourself the more, to shew yourself worthy her esteem and affection: leave to the mob of lovers those effeminate attentions—those monkey tricks—those servile mouthers of sentiment and passion—Lady Beaumont is not to be caught with such miserable chaff, I can assure you: a sacrifice, my friend, worthy of such an exalted character, is, to present her with qualities and virtues which the world approve and esteem. You will peevishly call me an eternal disclaimer—'Tis because I have long studied the human heart, that I think I know your's; and that I wish to see Colonel Ormsby prosperous, respectable, beloved, and happy.

The Answer.

O My guide, my friend, my guardian angel! Your letters I count as a treasure of an immense value. Your manner is friendly; your reasoning so just and conclusive, that you inspire me with resolution, to merit the good opinion of a man I so highly reverence and esteem. But, oh! the very illusions of love are irresistible! I would gladly embrace an honourable and active life, I am even determined to embrace it; I even fly the place of enchantment—my sensibility stops me half way, and drags me back again. At the sight of my adorable woman, my soul is in ecstasy—Celestial emanation! Ah! how delightful must be the unison of love and sensibility!

Be assured, however, that there is a greater similarity in our sentiments than you imagine. The period of my youthful follies is past; for, since my attachment to Lady Beaumont, I have blushed!

blushed for my past conduct. Had it not been for this virtuous and accomplished woman, I had most probably languished on in the shameful chains of the Countess; one intrigue would have hurried me on to another, 'till perhaps I had become a sorry imitator of the Marquis. At present, I inhabit a new world, which Lady Beaumont has created for me; and I rise in self-consequence with the increase of my passion. Ah, my friend! can you be the enemy of love, when it produces such noble effects? What are the vain and dangerous pleasures of ambition, in comparison to those pure and refined pleasures which I now feel? A ray of happiness has caught up my soul into new regions—Lady Beaumont—I cannot conceal any thing from my godlike Neville: he is the sanctuary where I repose all that regards the divinity I so love to worship—Well then, Lady Beaumont—she is not insensible—some interesting conversations—her uneasiness when she sees me afflicted—her joy when she sees me happy—her charming manner of lecturing me occasionally

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ally—with certain moments of jealousy, inspire me with a hope she will one day be mine! Yes, Neville, Eloisa loves! I have read it a thousand times in her beauteous and speaking eyes—and it is Ormsby who is the happy mortal!

Oh! when my Beaumont's blaze of charms
Breaks in upon my wond'ring eye!
Swift beats my heart—I'm all alarms;
In sweet amaze I faint, I die!

LETTER XXXV.

Lady Beaumont to Madam St. Alban.

WHEN I made an avowal of my weakness to my dear St. Alban, she gave me courage; but that courage now forsakes me. Read, then, the heart of the unhappy Eloisa. Although I am still mistress of my secret, I tremble every moment with the fear it will escape in some instant of indiscretion. His delicacy and uncommon sensibility

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bility destroy my firmest resolutions. He is wretched, and it is Eloisa Beaumont who makes him so—he is every thing under heaven to your friend, and yet she makes him completely miserable! My situation is really deplorable; I feel nothing but his pains and inquietudes. Still he is ignorant of my sentiments, and that I would give my life that he was happy. Ah! my St. Alban! to you I fly for succour. Do not spare me—paint to my perturbed mind the abyss which my infatuation is preparing. Reason, duty, prudence, all, all abandon me. Never surely was there a passion like mine! My resistance—my struggles, have only served to augment so sweet a penchant. I can never, never conquer it, I find, though perhaps Heaven condemns me! But why? Is it a crime to tell such a man as Colonel Ormsby that I love him? My integrity, my tenderness, will snatch this confession from my trembling lips.—O St. Alban! I look to you as my saviour. Pity the wanderings of my mind; and rescue me,
if

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if possible, from the dangers with which I am surrounded.

The Answer.

YOUR letter, my lady, alarms me beyond measure. You will be lost—yes, irretrievably lost, if you hesitate—Fly then to the open arms of your friend

ST. ALBAN.

LETTER XXXVI.

Lady Beaumont to Madam St. Alban.

MY tears are now my only alleviation. I love, to distraction. I can no longer conceal the fatal secret. I love—O my St. Alban! this word terrifies me to death. You would have me fly from the man who adores me?
Alas!

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Alas! It is now too late. My fond imagination paints him eternally before my eyes—I see him—To fly him—O no! it is impossible!

L E T T E R XXXVII.

Lady Beaumont to Colonel Ormsby.

AH! how unhappy have you made me! and yet I should have been grieved not to have been acquainted with Colonel Ormsby. The prospect before me gives deadly pain—the future alarms me beyond measure; and, in spite of your delicacy, your protestations, and my too easy credulity, had I been prudent, I should never have seen you a second time: but alas! you are now become essential to my repose—But whence this cruel transition? I wish to remain ignorant: I wish never to search into a cause which threatens such fatal consequences. To fear the danger, and not to fly it, is faulty—it

is

is criminal. Yet am I that very imbecille ! What a perspective does my imagination figure to my view ! My disorder is inexpressible—do not therefore, I conjure you, seek to augment the pain I already suffer. In the name of tender friendship—a friendship—such surely as never before existed ; pity the pangs which now devour me. The life I now lead is become insupportable. I was once free from pain. I then thought myself happy. Now I know not what I am—I tremble at the question—I tremble lest you divine—What ? Adieu ! Adieu !

Another.

I AM wofully low-spirited : do not, however, ask the cause. I shall run distracted, if you find it out : I form a thousand schemes against you—against myself, and I put not one into execution. I am not the same woman. Why are you attached to such an unfortunate being ?

For

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For some days past, I am a prey to the blackest melancholy. I studiously avoid society. I fear solitude—I fear myself. Oh! that I could feel my usual indifference, when I loved but a few chosen friends! I shall always love them—I am again happy; I am—yes, I am supremely happy!

LETTER XXXVIII.

Colonel Ormsby to Lady B.

IF you love, dear Lady Beaumont, you hide it from me, from yourself, and from the world. In the name of goodness, what can give birth to such a resolution? I am no stranger to the decorum, the delicacy, the prejudices, which inflave the sex of whom you are its brightest ornament; I know also the sacred rights inherent to an honourable and virtuous attachment—
great

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great souls will glory in declaring it, even in the face of the whole universe. Ah! Lady Eloisa! you fear me—you still delight in seeing me the victim of my excessive feelings; the stifled sigh, which breaks from my impassioned breast, can never reach the beloved Eloisa's! Your letters awake within me new sensations, and you afterwards blast them all by the coldness with which I am treated. This rack of suspense unhinges my very frame.—My Lady Beaumont! add rather to the load of my sufferings, or deign to remove them from the afflicted

ORMSBY.

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LETTER XXXIX.

Lady Beaumont to Colonel Ormsby.

EVER since you left me, have I remained as a perfect statue! Thought and feeling were annihilated. At last I am roused into an existence sufficient to write to you. My God! at last my heart has betrayed me! at last it has triumphed over my understanding! I have said the word—but it was you who forced it from my lips. Felicitate yourself in the success of your own works; enjoy my shame, my present agony; be happy, if you can be so, when you afflict so grievously the person you love. I have foolishly relied on my own strength. Those painful struggles, your complaints, your injustice, have conspired to my ruin. I have loved you in spite of my reason;

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son ; I have declared it with rashness, and my repentance cannot change or affect my heart. It is done ! My tranquillity is the purchase—I have left me nothing to conceal—I! although I had more necessity for it than any one living ! Before I knew you I was calm, exempt from fears as well as remorse ; but now nothing can console the undone Eloisa ! Expect, however, no farther sacrifice ; or I will fly from you, if necessary, to the extremity of the world.

The Answer.

O MOST adorable and most beloved of women ! You *love me*, and I the happiest of mortals ! I have not closed my eyes with joy ; delicious agitation ! All the sensations which heaven has given to charm and embellish life, now triumph in my heart. I still fancy I hear your voice—I feel your timid, lovely hand fast locked in

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in mine——I see those eyes which spoke volumes of tenderness—O dear Eloisa! I shall run mad with an excess of pleasure!

LETTER XL.

Colonel Ormsby to Lady B.

IF my angelic Eloisa be not happy, my felicity must be at an end. Do not, for heaven's sake, mix those sweet effusions of a truly susceptible heart with those bitter and painful reproaches. Dear object of my idolatry, 'tis for you alone I wish to live another hour. Let me conjure you to retake your wonted serenity. Your inquietudes distress me beyond expression, your regrets humble me to dust and ashes. Let me inspire mutual confidence, as well as love—Ormsby has not another wish.

The Answer.

TO repent, then, is to make you
equally miserable with myself?
As it indeed serves but to increase an
involuntary passion, I will study a re-
signation to my fate. This mortal
restlessness, the first symptom of an
incurable disorder—those magical emo-
tions—those sighs—those tenderneesses
—those deliriums, which are both the
terror and charm of my life; 'twas
you, dear Ormsby, that first taught me
to feel them. O love! enchanting,
unhappy passion—thou art by turns
my heaven and my hell! I know the
poison, yet will not remove thee from
my heart—Pardon this relapse; I will
repent no more; for this Divinity, All-
mighty Love! has at last classed me
among his first-rate votaries, who have
neither eyes nor ears, nor sensations,
but for one object!

LET-

LETTER XLI.

Colonel Ormsby to Lady Beaumont.

YES, Love is an all-powerful deity! I have only to see *my* Eloisa to believe it, to examine my heart, to feel its divine enthusiasm. It preys upon my whole frame—not a particle of blood is an alien to the bewitching intoxication. Its impetuosity creates the flame, and reason flies into rapture. Yes, my all gracious lovely woman, I *do* adore thee! My very being is thine—thou art the model of all goodness, ingenuity, and virtue. Love is now become the only want of my soul: all other passions glance upon my heart—every thought and sensation thou causest—and since *my* Eloisa loves, I shall experience a world of felicity that will be ever new and ever delightfully enchanting.

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A Billet.

From Lady Beaumont to Colonel Ormsby.

* **T**HE inclosed little packet will at least serve to shew, that I *do* think of you. Accept it as an instance of my sincere and tender affection.

BEAUMONT.

* The intelligent Reader will find several letters wanting between this and the preceding Billet-doux, 'Tis necessary to remark once for all, that there is more than one *Hiatus* in the correspondence between Lady Beaumont and the Colonel: Lovers are generally too minute in their details to interest a mob of critics, who read novels to find fault or to kill time.

L E T-

LETTER XLII.

Colonel Ormsby to Lady B.

HEAVENS! 'tis she--'tis my Eloisa!
 'tis her dear portrait! I press it
 to my lips, and my imagination makes
 it talk, move, and smile as thou dost.
 In every feature, I see triumphant love;
 and in these magical eyes, I read the
 most enchanting language! I will con-
 verse with it all the day, and at night
 it shall rest upon my bosom, to give
 my dreams the illusion of a reality.
 O, Lady Beaumont! never breathed a
 more respectful, a more faithful, or a
 more tender lover, never a more ami-
 able, and deserving mistress! Happy—
 the happiest of men thou hast made
 me! my joy is too great!—O Eloisa!
 when I cease to love, I shall cease to
 live!

LET-

LETTER XLIII.

Colonel Ormsby to Mr. Neville.

MY God! what have I not done! An impetuous passion has destroyed all!—I have lost the dear, the tender-hearted Lady Beaumont! My remorse, my contrition can never expiate my crime. I can never forgive myself for my cursed insanity.

I was happy; I had even the hopes of being still more so. I have ruined all. Here me, and then execrate the wretch you once honoured with your counsels and friendship.

Last night—night for me ever memorable! Lady Beaumont permitted me to have a tête-à-tête supper with her in her little favourite bower at the bottom of the garden. Every thing there conspired to betray my honour,
my

my virtue, and my integrity. Her dress agreed with the warmth of the season, her attitudes with the desire of my too passionate soul. I saw my Eloisa who in every step and gesture was all elegance and love. Oh, Neville! when beauty and innocence are blended with sentimental vivacity, they have a power that seize upon the soul, and make it pant after the mighty bliss. The desire of pleasing, more attractive than even beauty itself, struck all my senses with unspeakable delight, and took forcibly from me the power of reflection. My eyes wandered with vast delight upon the lovely Eloisa, and my tongue in vain attempted to express the emotions which I felt. I heard—I trembled—I was aw'd—yet I continued to kiss the hand I held, and to breathe upon it my sighs and broken exclamations.

After supper, the moon in all her peerless lustre peeped in upon us, and the uncommon serenity of the night invited us to walk. I saw myself at the side of Lady Beaumont! with what tenderness

tendernefs did I contemplate this divine creature ! I drank large draughts of delights—all my faculties were loft in rapture—in the ecftacy—in the delirium of love !

At laft the hour arrived for the retreat of Lady Beaumont ; we parted instantly, I thought I faw the great curtain of the world drawn upon all nature. My foul was ftill unfatisfied ; it ftill panted after the pleasures it had juft tafted ;—and this want fuggested to my memory, that I had feen the garden-door unlockt. I was ftangely tempted to pafs the remainder of the night in the fame bower where I had fupped, that I might at leaft have the confolation to breathe the fame air with that of my beloved miftrefs. Quick as thought I was at the door ; I entered, and gave myfelf up to the illufions which my fituation naturally infpired. My amorous foul enjoyed a world of fenfations unknown to the general herd of lovers ; and my imagination was fo delighted with the pleasures of its own creation, that I forgot I inhabited this
terreftrial

terrestrial globe—I thought myself transported to a sanctuary of which my Eloisa was the divinity—I was soon after roused from so delicious a reverie by the ear directing the eye to a chamber, where the window was thrown open on account of the very great heat. I drew near to it with a trembling step—I scarce breathed—my heart began to palpitate—I fell insensible to the ground. The consciousness of my then situation called me again to life. The day-break made its appearance. I retreated a few steps, when some dæmon inflamed me with a desire to see my lovely mistress while asleep. I began to tremble like an aspen leaf—I fled—I returned back—again I attempted to quit the spot—again I found myself under her window. I climbed the wall, and found myself in the asylum I ought to have held as sacred. Gods! what a picture! Lady Beaumont fast asleep! This was the most ravishing sight my eyes ever beheld. Her lips were half-open, appeared like two roses humid with the dews of the morning; her

ivory neck was displayed to my view—her attitude, though decent, was—for some moments my excessive sensibility made my heart feel no more; and, overcome with the violence of its feelings, it became in a manner dead under the load of life. My soul rioted in its wonted pleasures, while my passions were awed into respect by the fear of offending. On a sudden, Lady Beaumont appeared as if agitated by a dream; at intervals were heard some broken and confused articulations—I thought I heard her pronounce my name. 'Tis impossible to describe what I felt at that moment: my eyes swam in tears—my heart seemed to fly its prison to join its kindred mate—I thought she called me—I thought I saw her delicate arms open to embrace me—I instantly caught her in mine—my lips imprinted a thousand kisses upon her's—my caresses knew no bounds—She awakes with shrieks of horror and despair—She knows me—and with a look which struck lightning through me I heard her exclaim, "*Villain!*"

it

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it thus you love me?" My eyes streamed with tears—my voice was choaked with sobs—I fled her presence like a criminal, who was pursued for murder or sacrilege!

END of the FIRST VOLUME